Things past redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loſe what they enioy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah, *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt.
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius,

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yo
Roſſe, Percy, Willou
and Greene,

Bul. Bring forth theſe m
Buſhy and *Greene*, I will no
(Since preſently your ſoules
VVith two much urging yo
For 'twere no Charity: yet
From off my hands, here in
I will unfold ſome cauſes of
You have miſ-led a Prince, a
A happy Gentleman in Bloc
By you unhappied, and diſf
You have in manner with y
Made a Divorce betwixt hi
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a Ro
And ſtayn'd the beauty of a
VVith teares drawne from
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortun
Neere to the King in Blood,
Till you did make him miſ-
Have ſtoopt my necke und
And ſigh'd my Engliſh brea
Eating the bitter bread of b
VVhile you have fed upon
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and f
From mine owne windowe
Raz'd out my Impreſe, leavi
Save mens opinions, and my
To ſhew the world I am a
This, and much more, much m

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19)